girl Watcher

A GUIDE TO GIRL WATCHING

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Bonnie Logan and June Wilkinson

Love Goddess Issue

CORRESPONDENTS FROM AFAR WRITE ABOUT

Girl Watching around the world

An amateur wine taster we know swears on a stack of empty sherry goblets that he has discovered a new wine called 'Rosy Bottom', a ruby port distilled from grapes stamped on by nude women doing the Italian version of the rock 'n roll.

It was during a recent guided tour of Naples, Italy, our friend writes us, that he suddenly became annoyed with Cooks touring and decided to do a little private cooking of his own.

10 *"Let's go down to Corby's Malt Bin and be whistled at"*

Ditching the touring party he hailed a cab and made a hand sign to the driver imitating someone tipping a bottle to his lips.

The cab driver understood immediately and nodded his head vigorously. The cab bolted perilously through the small Italian streets, up hillsides and down, back up over other hillsides and through a dark mountain tunnel.

The cab was driving in open sunlight once more and our friend was concerned over whether he was about to be robbed, kidnapped or merely being "taken" for a long fare.

The cab finally pulled up to an ancient countryside building with a tall wall surrounding it.

It was an old winery and the sound of guitar music and giggling women could be heard as our friend and the cab driver made their way through the gate entrance.

As he walked inside, our friend's eyes almost popped out of their sockets. Under the hot glare of a mid afternoon sun a dozen completely nude women of various shapes and sizes, their bodies splattered with red stain, danced, jiggled and wiggled like crazy jitterbugs crushing grapes with their bare feet to the music of an inebriated guitar player.

The dancing was taking place in a giant wooden vat filled with red grapes. On the ground surrounding the vat were cast off women's dresses and underthings.

A short fat-bellied little man, fully clothed, the owner of the winery, was tearing at his hair and pleading with two uniformed policemen sitting at a table drinking wine. They ignored him and clapped hands in rhythm to the wild guitar music, shouting encouragement to the nude dancers.

Our friend soon learned that his cab driver was indeed a brilliant guide, a master of uncanny timing.

They had visited the winery at precisely the time when the bevy of lady grape crushers had decided to go on strike for better pay.

The owner had flatly refused to meet their demands and called the police. When the police arrived and attempted to lay hands on the strikers and take them to the calabooose, the air suddenly became full of discarded bras, panties and dresses.

It was too much for the police to handle. They decided on a hands off policy. There was plenty of time. They would just sit it out and play a "wait and see" game.

Our friend and the cab driver ordered two bottles of wine. The policemen were courteous and offered them space at their table. And why shouldn't they.

After all, a crime against the state was being committed before their very enchanted eyes. Our friend and the cab driver had very nobly offered the [illegible] as official witnesses.

Chieftain's Daughter

While working on a coconut [illegible] project for a rubber plantation in the South Pacific Sounge Islands I had plenty of time to enjoy my hobby of *Girl Watching*. I had rented a small grass shack from the Island Chieftan Gomo Gaba. What I was not aware of until Ma Ma, his firmly stacked daughter

knocked on my front door was that she was included in the monthly rental In his primitive thinking, he thought I would make a good husband for his daughter and that was that.

There was no talking the two of them out of this and in self defense I let Mu Mu move into the shack grind corn pone and serve my meals, while I made my bunk in a grass hammock stretched between two coconut trees at one side of the shack

Maybe it was the tropical moon, or that old jungle fever that did things to me whenever I Girl Watched Mu Mu in her form clinging flowered sarong Her black hair had a flower in it that matched the color of her full scarlet mouth

Anyway, while waiting for the banana boat to bring my final paycheck, I pooled away my idle hours rubbing noses with the Chieftan's daughter "Me love white Girl Watcher" Mu Mu purred, rubbing her nose against mine, passionately I was complimenting myself on a new addition to my girl watching collection when things started happening fast

An angry machete chopped down the straw hammock with two quick strokes. As I bounced down on the jungle grass I saw Mu Mu's jealous boyfriend, a seven foot native boy, take another swipe at the concealed form inside the straw hammock Straw was flying in all directions and I had a momentary view of Mu Mu popping out of a sarong that had been neatly severed in half by her boyfriend's machete

It would have been a high score in my *Girl Watching* career if I had had the leisure time to watch Mu Mu bobbing away through the tall bamboos but I was too busy dodging her boyfriend's swinging machete and looking for the quickest exit through the jungles

The banana boat arrived not a second too soon I boarded it and hid in a lifeboat until it pulled out for the States

It just goes to prove that Pretty Girl Collecting is not all beer and skittles or attractive knee caps If you don't use your head you can come to grief in this game

British Girl Watchers

WE WERE SITTING AROUND a blazing fire in the lounge of the Blenkinsop Hotel in Pall Mall The discussion turned from women to race horses and back to women

Lord Blueberry, a nobleman who had squandered several fortunes in pursuit of women sipped on his brandy

"I've just returned from a fortnight in America," his Lordship said gruffly putting down the brandy glass "Ghastly thing happened to me I was staying in a Florida hotel and a fire broke out in the middle of the night"

'Did I ever tell you about the feather G strings they wear in New Guinea?' Lord Waffleton said with a tear in his voice.

' You're interrupting me, old bounder!" Lord Blueberry said testily "Suddenly the hallways were alive with people shouting 'Fire!' and dashing out of the hotel in their night clothes"

"In Switzerland I met a maid who wore leather underpants." Lord Waffleton injected, "She said they were good for sliding down mountains"

' The room next to me was occupied by two showgirls who danced in the Copacabana," Lord Blueberry said, ignoring the interruption "They came dashing out of their rooms wearing mink pashes '

"Pap! Pap!"

' Carry on ol' bean," a chorus of interested voices cheered

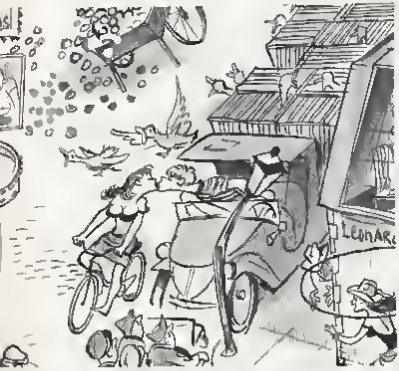
"I followed them down the hallway in my pajamas It was a losing race They easily outdistanced me with those colt like legs of theirs Just then a door opened and a woman who could have easily passed for Jayne Mansfield's twin sister came jiggling past me in a transparent robe Two other young women bumped past me wearing pajama tops and nothing else It was frightening They were all running in front of me and

(*Continued on Page 38*)

"Mr. Pinkpang, you are the first girl watcher I have ever really appreciated."

The Girlwatcher's Guide To

PARIS



Kissing Blonde on a Bicycle

In that *Girlwatcher's Guide to Paris* cartoon in your last issue there was a scene of a poultry truck driver delivering a kiss to a French girl on a bicycle. When I was in Paris I actually saw this happen. His truck was piled mountain high with crated turkeys. His lips suddenly seemed to be glued to hers and he forgot all about driving. The truck piled into a building near the Cafe de la Paix breaking the crates with turkeys flying everywhere. It took the police three days to find the driver of the truck. (He disappeared with the blonde who caused it all.) *Fred Barkinton, Paris, France*

Those Mad, Mad French Girls

One of the scenes in your double-page spread on *Girl Watcher's Guide to Paris* (a knickered British gentleman prodding a tempting French morsel with his cane) struck a cord in my memory box. It was at a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysees. I was reading the morning paper and sipping on a Pernod when I heard a pair of spiked heels tapping along the sidewalk. I looked up just as a British gent sitting at the next table, held his cane out and stopped a French lille swivel hipping past him. He poked at her with his cane like a housewife testing a side of beef at the butchers. "Too lean" he grunted, "Go put some fat on, girl." With that she flipped her wig and swatted the Englishman over the head with her purse. Instead of getting mad the Englishman pulled out a 500 franc note and handed it to her. The girl in turn took one look at the note and gave him a big hug and a kiss. Crazy, man, Crazy. But that's Paris on a morning in Spring.

Ollie Zuo, Schuyler, Ohio

The Girls screamed, "Look Ma, No Clothes!"

That cartoon scene in your last issue of *Girl Watcher* magazine, the one where the two girls are tearing each other's clothes on a Paris street corner, was a hula. It reminded me of one time when I was sitting at the Cafe de Flore, a spot where writers and would-be actresses in tight-fitting sleeks meet, dine, sip and discuss art. Two girl writers one a six foot blonde and the other at least seven feet tall got into an argument and they were off—that is, they were tearing each other's clothes off to the amusement of gathering crowds. In seconds they were down to panties and bras. In a half second later one of the bra buttons popped and that was when the kindly waiter ran out and threw a tablecloth around both of them. *St. Clair Marengo, Oneida, Tenn*

The Doll across the way Reeled me in

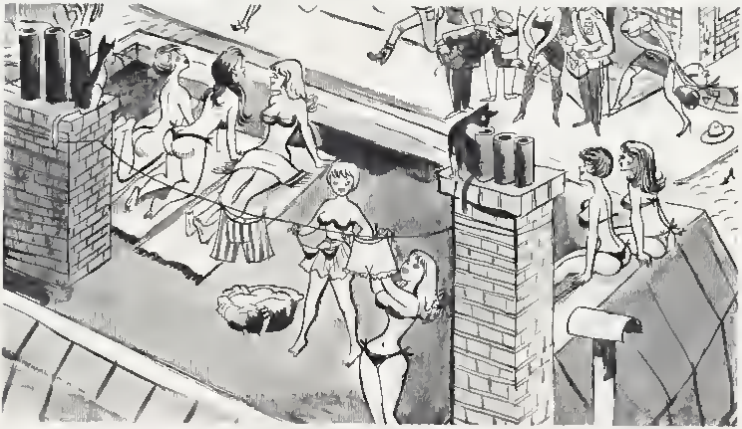
I BUG THAT DOUBLE PAGE spread cartoon. One of the scenes showing a guy hanging on the clothes line with other unmentionables, being reeled in by a luscious looking French doll, reminded me of when I lived in a Cleveland apartment house where the clotheslines were strung between the backs of two apartment houses. While my wife was out shopping I did a little *girl watching* out of our back kitchen window on the second floor. A shapely blonde wearing a tight fitting lemon colored sun suit came to her back window and started reeling in her wash consisting mostly of silk panties. I decided to have a little fun. Climbing out of our window I hung on to the washlines with both hands. When she reeled me in I thought she was going to pass out with fright. Realizing I was one of her neighbors, she took it as a big joke and invited me to come in and have a martini. Just then my wife returned from her shopping trip, ding the situation, and the next thing I knew I was being reeled half way back to our own building. I was wondering why she didn't reel me all the way back and then I looked down and saw a growling dog with sharp fangs.

Otto Vendor, Bronx, N. Y.

Girl Watcher Chased by Mademoiselle

IN ONE OF YOUR CARTOONS in a recent issue the artist depicted an American cowboy chasing a French doll with a lasso. Whoever drew that must have been in Paris a few years ago when a pal of mine from Texas and myself were doing the continent after selling our oil wells. We painted the old town red, white and blue. For kicks we'd lean out of our hotel window on Boulevard St. Michael, and lasso pretty girls right off the street. Not one of them objected. In fact we had trouble getting them out of our hotel room after we pulled them in.

Bart Ringo, Austin, Texas



Sunbathing French Babes

I GOT A BANG out of that bird's-eye cartoon view of Paris. Especially the roof scene with those seven French babes taking sun baths. It reminded me of the time, just after World War II, when I rented a pad in a hotel in the long hair left bank side of Paris. I had a top floor room and I soon found I had a built in harem. All the seven other rooms on the top floor were rented by lovely "business" women. They insisted that I eat, sleep and even take sun baths with them. It was too much. I had to move back to the States to regain my health.

Dill Glover, Anderson, S. C.

SOME ADVANCED FIELD NOTES ON:

STALKING THE GIRL

A GIRL WATCHER WITH A PURPOSE is the photographer who has been handed what looks like an easy assignment. After all, the memo is only two lines long.

"We want the youngish girl, reflecting all the buoyancy of today's womanhood. Most of all, she must reflect the spirit of the client's product."

And what is the client's product? A do-it yourself shim replacement for valve seats in leaky faucets.

But you're a photographer and a *Girl Watcher*, too, and a challenge is a challenge. You remind yourself that most any AGWA member would envy you for getting paid for doing what they do for free, adjust your camera and attack the happy task of trading the quail.

One photog handed such an assignment and heading out with similar resolve wound up his day making extended explanations to a judge. After getting downwind of a number of prospects, but rejecting them on one count or another (one proved to have termites in her loam rubber) this craftsman picked up the tracks of a girl who fit his requirements from the tickle of her leather hat to the tip of her open toed pumps. So engrossed with her was he that he followed her into a bar, across the salon down a hall and through a door. That was where he lost her and melded her appearance before bizzoner. You just can't make any explanations in a room such as he entered because there are so many dames squealing and cursing you and asking if you can't read and trying to cover up.

One trouble with seeking a youngish type is that the wrens, chicks and pigeons soon take on a sameness which falls into one category—jail quail. After a prolonged, dedicated spell of *Girl Watching* on such an assignment, you get so enthralled with all those accumulated features you begin to wonder if you'd recognize THE girl if she stepped up and hit you.

Such a search is likely to take you into some school districts and a number of malt shops. As the full blown delights geckle around in their sweaters and the young bucks concentrate on discussion of their fuel injection jobs, you tend to parrot the pundit who observed that youth is wasted on the young.

A hypo hipster on a picture assignment for a magazine confesses to a bit of chicanery no one ever plumbed. Seeking the exact qualities in one girl, he had almost given up after a week of shadowing when he chanced upon a pair of twins who, between them, had it all. He used one for frontal assaults, the other to bring up the rear. He speaks of it as sort of pre emulsion composition work. His only complaint was that he had to pay two model fees.

Sometimes a paid GW will take the too obvious tack. Seeking a leggy show girl type, one lenser hung around show rehearsals and stage doors so long he got the sequin shakes. Then he found the right girl when he went to get a loan from a lawyer friend and the receptionist unfurled herself from her desk and legged her way past his low slung lounge chair to the water cooler.

Nothing is more expansive to the soul of the paid GW however, than having days and even weeks of tireless and fascinating tracking pay off in finding the VERY girl. When the photog's convictions are echoed by immediate approval of his sample prints, he knows he still has the old eye.

As a working appraiser with a shot rule on female lineries, the paid GW has an obvious advantage over the casual, unassigned tracker. Should the girl turn on her heels after a long tail job and have that big hand raised for the calculated slap, the photog can demure whip out his card and give a good account of himself.

It's a lot like getting paid to sample fine wine.

"Isn't it time you got back to your Botony experiments professor?"

The Girl Next Door

Don't overlook the diamonds in your own backyard

OUR SURVEY OF RECENT LETTERS shows that 97.5% of our readers are photographers of one sort or another.

The question of who was born first, the *Girl Watcher* or photographer can probably only be determined by the 1/50th to a 1/200th click of the shutter.

What it all simmers down to is that every male, whether he be a photographer or a charter member *Girl Watcher W. F.* (without flashbulbs) both like to look at the girl next door in their image finder.

Each mail brings amateur photographs from Kalamazoo to New Mexico showing mama, sisters and that living doll next door taking sunbaths in bikinis, shorts, longies, or what have you.

Old Aunt Tilda, my maiden aunt, who wears a knee-length bathing suit when she takes her Saturday night baths, would have passed out with shock if she could have lamped the photographic evidence of unblushing feminine pulchritude in home towns throughout the nation.

We are very pleased to print the following photos mailed to us by amateur photographer and *Girl Watcher* combined, Fred Potts who lives in Beaumont, Texas. And there's Fred's story to go with it.

"I'm known as a big wheel at school." Fred writes. "The only trouble is I couldn't get this message across to a cool kitten named Pam who lives in the house next door.

She gives me the ice cube treatment every time I try to speak to her at school but I can't get her out of my mind due to her being a real living doll and the ultimate in pulse leaping femininity.

Desperately I worked out a plan to win her with flattery. I bought a cheap camera and shot photos of her every time I got within range of her. The first time I tried it she tossed her baby brother's bike at me, so I had to think of fantastic ways of taking pictures on the Q.T. so she wouldn't peg things at me.

I camouflaged a camera inside a rabbit hutch and started collecting rabbits. The *Girl Watching* camera bug hits me like wow and before I know it I'm making charts and diagrams of her daily activities, the exact time of the day when she comes out to empty the garbage, ride her bike, or take sun baths.

It isn't long before I graduate to complicated formulas for prisms, optics and intricate periscopic telescopic cameras. I should have known the afternoon that my subject came out in the backyard in black leotards and gave out with a comic ballet number, that she was on to my secret photo lab.

We both laughed it up as I showed her the collection of photos I had made of her, crazy shots of her when she least expected to be photographed.

"Wait until I show you the photos I've taken of *you* watching *me!*" she said giggling uncontrollably. "They're *real* crazy!"

I saw them later and they were for real laughs. I swore then and there I was through taking Girl Watching photos of her.

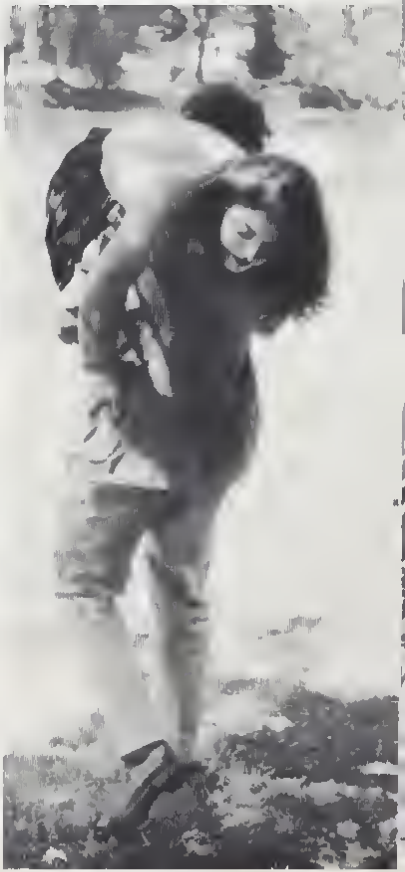
"If you do I'll never speak to you again," she said, "I love having Girl Watchers taking photos of me. I actually do!"

And that's why there are only rabbits in my rabbit hutch now. I sold my telescopic camera. All my photographic shots these days are close ups.

BY DUANE SCHMIDT

The prettiest thing I ever saw swinging on a fence

MORE ABOUT
Collecting Pretty Girls



IN THE NATURAL PROGRESSION from Girl Watcher to Girl Collector there is always the vastly important decision of whether to become a collector of impressions of girls per se or a collector of the girls themselves purr say! The latter naturally entails a certain amount of physical activity and many longtime GWs find it so disconcerting that they never cross over to the GC category. As *Girl Watchers* rather than *Girl Collectors* they find they can enjoy the expanse without the expense. They savor the tidbit without the wed bit. Enough for those bound by propriety. Let's assume here that you have the money, the stamina, the persuasion or all three to throw together a whole stable of lovelies without any more responsibility than if they were prize fillies or Irish setters.

Such is your power that you don't even have to check for prior registry or familial strings. You see one you like, you just cart her off. She's yours just as surely as if she were a bunny you'd trapped and taken to your hustings. Does this omnipotence make you rash? No, indeed. You find to your surprise you have become eminently more selective. Since you can HAVE any one you want, you don't take just ANY one. You are now the complete *Girl Watcher Epicura Emeritus*. You're like a Frenchman turned loose in the world's finest wine cellar.

A yummy nicknack attracts your attention in a restaurant, you haul her off home for a trial run as one of your collector's pieces. When your current crop gets a little shelfworn, you turn them out and go collecting all over again. Soon you find the collecting is better than the having. Then you find the stalking is better than the collecting. And there you are, just like we told you—right back where you started—*Girl Watching!*

More ambitious Girl Watchers find it intriguing to bring home a specimen or two

A Handy Handbook for
GIRL WATCHING
Dedicated to all Serious Scholars and
Connoisseurs of Beautiful Women
Latest Reports from Enterprising,
Ardent Devotees Throughout the World
Photographer [illegible]
Discovery [illegible] Vantage Point

a girl watcher escapes

Paris was a Wonderland for Watching

WATCHING HORACE Q WEEBLY enter his office building at exactly 8.29 each morning you gained the impression that he was not an important flywheel in industry or at home You were absolutely right

The sexy women that populated the office where Horace worked didn't even bother to swivel their hips when they passed his desk in the bookkeeping department Even though he was only 34 years old with a premature bald spot he might just as well be 105 as far as they were concerned

Inwardly this hurt Weebly deeply There was nothing Horace liked better than to watch pretty women Perhaps this was one of the reasons Weebly remained a mere ant in the office organization If he hadn't spent so much time watching Suzy Pottee the leggy file clerk, bend over to extract letters from file cabinet drawer Z' if only he had refrained from admiring Brigette Urp, the office sexpot queen execute her jiggle walk for the benefit of visiting salesmen, if only he had spent as much concentration on bookkeeping as he did on watching Hazel Springtime the office receptionist, change her nylons at her desk, and—oh well, that was the story of Weebly's life He was a born *Pretty Girl Watcher* and there was nothing you could do about it.

Now was home life in East Orange the suburb in New Jersey which Horace glumly returned to on the 5 17 each evening a successful one

Besides being up to his hair edged bald pate in debt because of his wife Cora's unquenchable ambition to keep up with wealthy friends, he was the target of bitter wifely ridicule for being such a feeble wage earner Sometimes he felt this was a little more than he could bear from life Especially when there were seven children and an unpaid mortgage to add to his unhappiness

It all came to a white hot point the afternoon Horace stood in front of his office building his damp hand dug deep into his coat pocket clutching a roll of bills containing $4 000 His bank had called him just before noon and told him that some of his old bonds had been retired He had rushed over during his lunch hour Horace needed that cash just to pay up what he owed around town

A blonde goddess in a tight fitting white silk sheath dress crossed the walk in front of Horace His eyes brightened and far away temple bells started ringing inside his head as he watched the sun filter around her hair An arctic white Corvette edged up to the curb and she was gone with a sudden roar of the motor

The image of the blonde hit Horace like a white hot thunderbolt out of a noonday cloud It was a message from Garcia, Western Union, or wherever it is that messages come from that suddenly change the course of a man's life

Horace Q Weebly walked past his office building for the last time and when he awakened the following morning he was aboard a trans ocean plane heading for a London airport.

From that moment on his purpose in life was quite clear He would spend his remaining years fulfilling his early ambitions of being a World Wide Girl Watcher

$4000 wouldn't last forever part of it was already used on air passage, but perhaps he could develop a few side lines on *Girl Watching* that would help pay his way

Horace Q Weebly rented a cheap room in the Soho district of London He could hardly wait to finish his morning tea and crumpets so that he could be off on his first *Girl Watching* field trip in a foreign land The first girl he watched was a red haired black haired steamper He was astonished at the quickness with which she made new friends, especially among soldiers and sailors At Piccadilly Circus he spotted a rare Yellow Haired Duchess and followed her to her lair which turned out to be the cocktail room in the Ebbington Hotel

Being an expert *Girl Watcher* Weebly entered the cocktail room and set up his watching post at a table at the other side of the room Weebly was pleased to note that the Duchess wore a low cut tight fitting dress that offered a royal sight to whom ever it might concern A handsome young man in ivy league clothes walked up to the Yellow Haired Duchess's table bowed and sat down to join her in a drink The Duchess was getting high and the young man was following up every advantage

Weebly, in fact, was losing no pains himself he had pushed down a few scotch on rocks while watching the Duchess for the past two hours The young British gentleman finally left her table and as the Yellow Haired Duchess walked past Weebly's table he was taken back at the sight of her winking at him and saying the following out of the side of her mouth, "All right ol' ducky boy—see me in the hotel lounge!"

Horace Weebly knew a royal command when he heard one When he entered the lobby the Duchess walked up to him unsteadily and pressed some folded paper into the palm of his hand "Let's not waste time piddle paddling—You're a detective, you've been watching me all afternoon When you report to the Duke you didn't see anything this afternoon remember?"

Horace Weebly watched the Duchess make her exit His palm opened slowly and he was aghast at what he saw A twenty pound note!

Weebly started whistling as he left the Ebbington Hotel Yes, there were all kinds of angles to *Girl Watching* even

(Continued on Page 48)

Horace soon assumed the air of a noncholant, debonair Girl Watcher

HELP GIRL WATCHER CHOOSE THE GREATEST

LOVE GODDESS

BEFORE YOU SHRED THE PAGES of this magazine up in your Instant Girl Kit, help GIRL WATCHER decide the most delightful question of the year. Help us pick this century's over all, all-over LOVE GODDESS—the most watchable Miss Watchable of them all. On the next pages, you will see pictured two dozen world renowned females that have long caused a stir among avid girl watchers. The order in which the girls appear does not necessarily indicate our preferences.

You GWs emeritus will see at a glance that we did not throw together just any 24 babes, although this would not be bad work if you could geddit. What we did was chain three photographers together with three telescopic and periscopic lenses, but only two tranquilizer pills. The good pictures came from the tranquilized photographers. However, the third one claims he had more fun.

Don't waste a minute. Check the four girls that you would like to see more of in future issues of GIRL WATCHER. If you've been watching one we have not printed here, hump her in with a write-in vote.

- ☐ MARILYN MONROE
- ☐ VIKKI DUGAN
- ☐ BRIGITTE BARDOT
- ☐ KIM NOVAK
- ☐ CATHY CROSBY
- ☐ VALERIE ALLEN
- ☐ IRISH McCULLA
- ☐ JOAN BRADSHAW
- ☐ MAY BRITT
- ☐ MARI BLANCHARD
- ☐ DIANA DORS
- ☐ JEAN CARMEN
- ☐ ZSA ZSA GABOR
- ☐ DOLORES DONLON
- ☐ SUSAN HARRISON
- ☐ FAY SPAIN
- ☐ JAYNE MANSFIELD
- ☐ ZAHRA NARBRO
- ☐ SUSAN OLIVER
- ☐ ABBE LANE
- ☐ LILI KARDELL
- ☐ JILL ST. JOHN
- ☐ CHRISTINE CARERE
- ☐ JUNE WILKINSON

☐ _____

☐ _____

Girl Watcher
P. O. Box 215
MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

#1. Marilyn Monroe

RESPONSIBLE ALMOST SOLELY for a renaissance of the ancient art of les watchdogs le femme, the Big M has been credited by four out of five scuhsts who know with causing endemic eyeball fixation. With the Monroe doctrine and by any Monroe calculator the watching becomes a stare, the staring becomes frozen absorption

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL LEAF

#2. Vikki Dugan

Nightgowns in swimming pools, bikinis in snow storms that's the sort of poetic nonsense Vikki stirs up in you on sight What happens as you continue to drink her in visually is liable to put the reefer pushers out of business A special, heady kind of opium all by herself, Vikki has what makes for a long career of turning GWs for that extra look

#4 Kim Novak

So thoroughly publicised you don't even need a picture. Close your eyes and say "Kim" out loud and there she is, a living symbol. Many things to many GWs because she has the quality of appearing to be just what you want her to be, just as she has been influenced by almost everyone working with her. Never static, Kim is this girl today, that girl tomorrow. But always a girl for WATCHING.

#3. Brigitte Bardot

THE GIRL THEY INVENTED the sex kitten phrase for is sure to come out among the top choices if only through exposure—her own and that accorded her in every magazine and newspaper in the world. No one in history has appeared before more people more times in a wider variety of poses and exposes than la Bardot. The rumpled hair, the pouty lip, uneven teeth and child-woman biscuits are world trademarks.

#5. Cathy Crosby

NOT TO BE CONFUSED with the Kathy with the K who is Bing's lady, the Cathy with the C is Bob's daughter and a shining gem in the Crosby clan where the standards are high. A little plump when she started her career, Cathy has slimmed out, as any fool can plainly see. A combination of sleek black hair and wide, blue eyes gives Cathy a double take quality that keeps you swivelling.

Anita Ekberg

THIS IS A LOT OF GIRL, much going on you got to be alert at all times men No lollipop for studious, objective watching THIS one you want to do things for, say sweet things to perform brave deeds for Considerable personal magnetism a quality often missed by casual GWs who don't take time to savor the WHOLE girl, the person, the sum of the parts

Joan Bradshaw

NOW WHIMSICAL, now sensuous, now the sweet girl next door, now, now, boy Joanie is one of these brunettes who can get so habit forming she might have you mumbling, "Blonde? What's that?" For the GW, she has watchables she hasn't even used yet. Somebody told her there's quicksilver in her eyes and she's made her own golden opportunities by flashing them in the right places

#9. May Britt

Wasted in a darkroom too many years as a photographer's assistant, this sweater filler has finally got around on the right side of the camera. Technical knowledge gives her an advantage she doesn't really need. Of Swedish origin, May has the solid bone structure that gives the padding extra attraction.

#10. Mari Blanchard

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl who had everything. End of story. But it's only the beginning for dark and dulcet Mari to whom everything is nothing if she can't have your approval. And since approval is the same as love to a movie star, there's an awful lot of lovin' goin' on every time Mari hits the silver screen.

#11. Diana Dors

What MM is to Hollywood, what BB is to Paris, DD is to London. They couldn't even miss her in the fog. Long after the pubicity about doffing her bra to Matchum has died out, Diana is still around — and such an inveterate oceanic commuter they've renamed a Mae West life preserver for her. After you inflate it, you turn it upside down and it seats two, hammock style.

YVETTE MIMEAU

SWEET 16, but crowned with the blonde glory of the ages. Practically undiscovered until right this minute — but a shoo-in to gain ground fast. Has a unique maturity belying her years and holding your attention the way the Mona Lisa holds your attention—with that burning need to know what's behind it all.

#12. Jean Carmen

THIS BRAIDED BANSHEE is only on the warpath career wise, but there ain't hardly a GW anywhere who wouldn't hand over his scalp for a smile from this doll. An unrestrained, no reconstructed goofball, Jean keeps several things going in several different directions at once, proving that the ham is quicker than the "Yi!"

The Girl Watcher

OFFERS

Something Special for You

THE EDITORS OF GIRL WATCHER are anxious to know how you feel about this new magazine. We want you to help us make Girl Watcher better. We have made arrangements with our printers to strike off some special early printed copies of our next issue for the first 300 readers who write in and tell us which stories they like best. All you have to do to be eligible for this special pre-publication issue of Girl Watcher is to check the squares by the stories you liked best and mail your answers to the address below.

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Girl Watcher
P. O. Box 215
MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

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JOAN BRADSHAW (See page 27)

VIKKI DUCAN (See page 24)

Zsa Zsa Gabor

Dolores Donlon

#13. Zsa Zsa Gabor

Don't even try to dissuade her because she's a whole lot of female individuality, but Zsa Zsa fully believes she invented sex. Mama and Jobe and Eve may have given her a few nudges on the right track but it was Zsa Zsa's show from the very beginning. And whether she invented it or not, she's got it, so what right minded GW would quibble? Not you, huh, boy, not you?

#14. Dolores Donlon

As any GW can plainly see there's something about Dolores that comes from within. Call it vibrancy, glow or just plain personality, it gets your eye while it also wraps up your imagination. Dolores is the kind of girl you can glimpse on a crowded bus and immediately see yourself with her on a quiet, little, special island somewhere . . . anywhere.

#16. Fay Spain

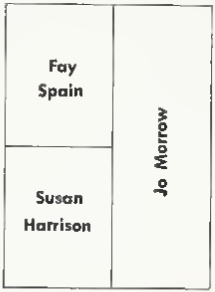
Took a sudsy bath in "God's Little Acre" and has had fans lathered up ever since. Has great attraction for the inventory or IBM type of GW. Has a way of making all the little lights flash up on any GW's calculator. Fay may very well have started a whole new thing of backyard bathing out in the boondocks. To the nearest rise, man.

#15. Susan Harrison

Young and malleable Susan is one you can watch from now to nightmare and you won't catch her in an unbecoming pose or light or circumstance. Pretty as a pretty does and Susan is one of those everybody likes . . . and likes to be around. Has the youthful animation that makes Girl Watching such a rewarding spectator sport. Anticipates your desires as if she were doing a scene and you were the director.

#24. Jo Morrow

Now, Alaska may be bigger than Texas, but they just aren't sent us any Jo Morrow's yet. An extremely female type of female, she makes you happy that girls are girls and boys are boys and she's about the size of it. That mop on top is red, but there are GWs who have stared at her hour on hour and aren't sure but what she's bald. Assaults the eyeballs with individual Love Goddess Sweepstake quality.



#17 Jayne Mansfield

Getting the seal of approval or the seal's approval, Jayne is ever the athlete, ever the doer and so full of enthusiasm for everything that even the competition likes her. For Jayne, sex is something you kid about, nothing to get all in drawn and tense about. Warm and generous and the extrovert's extrovert, Jayne gets your attention even before it started to stray.

#19 Susan Oliver

A CONTENDER for Love Goddess honors in the watch and wonder division. You watch Susie and you wonder if one girl could be so many things. This is femininity in 3-D and stereo . . . with a different shimmer from every facet. A delight with analytic girl watchers who like to draw their own conclusions from what they see . . . and then have to revise them at the lift of an eyelash, a subtle change in the pelvic axiality.

#6. Valerie Allen

You know what a chameleon is. Well, they ain't as shapely as Valerie, but they can mold to the situation the way Valerie can. You name it—shy, sultry, sexy, kittenish, allurish, aloofish . . . Valerie can be all of these and more with the flick of an eyelash or the toss of one of these well-padded hips. Has the make that keeps her image on your eyeball long after she's passed by.

#20. Abbe Lane

Leggy, hippy, Latinish and full of smouldering as well as explosive action. Has the bodily syncopation from years of fronting the band for hubby Xavier Cugat. Makes a special kind of music without even opening her peep. Like MM, Abbe has a walk that not only grabs your attention but carries you along with it. Ain't GOIN' nowhere, just walkin'.

#21. Lili Kardell

Practically undiscovered until right this minute, but a shoo-in to gain ground fast. Has a unique maturity belying her years and holding your attention the way the Mona Lisa holds your attention—with that hinting need to know what's behind it all.

#17.		#6.	#21.
#19.		#20.	

SPECIAL OFFER

To Avid Girl Watchers

IF YOU ARE A TRUE, practising Girl Watcher you will not want to miss a single issue of your favorite magazine. For a limited time only, the publishers will send you the next 5 exotic, exciting issues of GIRL WATCHER for only $2.00. If you missed the famous first issue of GIRL WATCHER, we will send you the next 4 issues plus the first edition of Girl Watcher for $2.00. Send your money today.

Valerie Allen

Abbe Lane

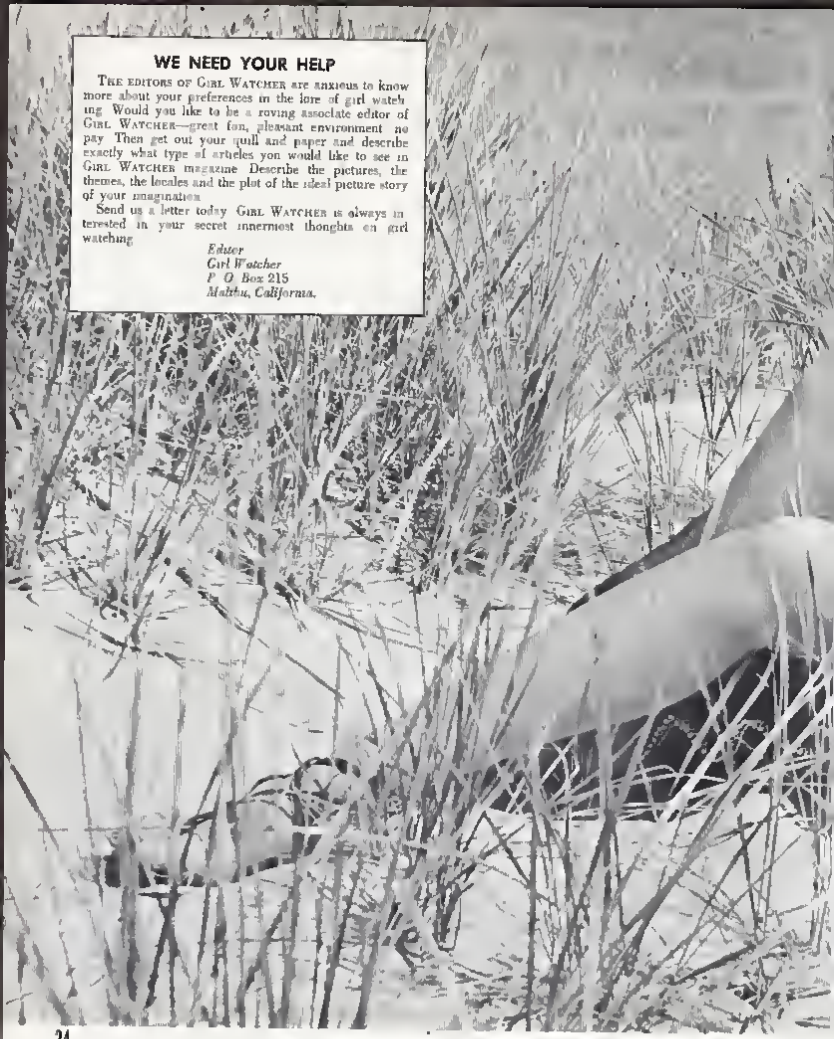
Lili Kardell

WE NEED YOUR HELP

THE EDITORS OF GIRL WATCHER are anxious to know more about your preferences in the lore of girl watching. Would you like to be a roving associate editor of GIRL WATCHER—great fun, pleasant environment, no pay. Then get out your quill and paper and describe exactly what type of articles you would like to see in GIRL WATCHER magazine. Describe the pictures, the themes, the locales and the plot of the ideal picture story of your imagination.

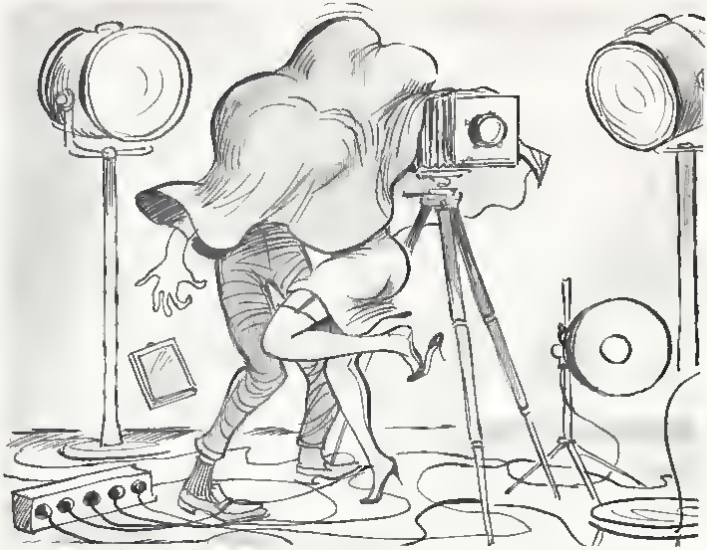
Send us a letter today. GIRL WATCHER is always interested in your secret innermost thoughts on girl watching.

Editor
Girl Watcher
P. O. Box 215
Malibu, California.



GIRLS WHO WANNA BE WATCHED

Girl Watcher's mail bag is full of Letters & Pictures of Pretty Girls



A Girl Reader from Atlanta tells all about Girl Watching Photographers

Me Caught Under The Cover

Dear Girl Watcher The artist who drew that illustration for your 'So You Want To Be a Model, Huh?' must have been peeking over my lily white shoulders when it happened. I'm a model Once I became curious and asked a photographer if I could peek under that black cloth he had over the top of the camera It was a mistake It took me twenty minutes to untangle myself from that cloth SUSAN MURDOCK *Atlanta*

Leg Men

Dear Girl Watcher I'm a gal with long shapely legs and I fight the crowded subways twice a day Brother do I know about *Girl Watchers!* They're all over the subway and most of them seem to be seated opposite me on the subway train when ever I cross my legs I think the *Girl Watchers* must hold their convention in the subways LUCY KOEHLER

Country Girl Dreams of Being Watched

After living a full seventeen years on a farm in Hunt holt County North Carolina I invaded New York with dreams of being a queenly model for foo foo magazines like Harper's Bazaar and Town & Country My big break came suddenly It was a hot summer afternoon and a crowd of people mostly men, had gathered to watch me as I posed for a fashion ad photographer on the Fifth Avenue library steps I was dressed up like Queen Bess in the latest tight fitting "Empire" sheath and a big floppy hat.

My past experience of stepping over toadstools back on the farm was small help in perfecting a "queenly" stride necessary for the ad shot, but I must have been doing okay because people were applauding I was on cloud nine with visions of a movie agent stepping out of the admiring crowd and handing me a Hollywood contract And then I looked back of me The reason for the applause was all too painfully clear There on the sidewalk was a pair of peach colored panties—*mine!* In my queenly stride I had stepped completely out of them

Leona Teatcher

I wanna be Watched by More Than One Man!

What does a poor girl like myself do when she wants to be watched by *Girl Watchers* but is kept under wraps by a jealous husband?

I look at myself in a full length bathroom mirror after taking my morning shower and all the deadly curves are in the right places but do I ever get whistled at or *Girl Watched?* A fat chance I have with my husband keeping me in the house all day long

He won't even allow any tradesmen to come near the house Buys our milk at the market, the newspaper at a corner stand and has the mail sent to a post office box

When he goes away on a trip he keeps calling me every few hours to check on whether I'm still home

I'm all shook up inside One of these days I'm going to put on my bikini bathing suit (a little something I made out of my husband's old silk neckties) and walk down Broadway where most of the *Girl Watchers* are stacked out I'm a big girl now I want to be watched by other men also Is that bad?

Karen Rossetti

Girl with the Corkscrew Walk

I am known in the modeling trade as Girdle Gladys, the girl with the corkscrew walk My working clothes consist of a two-way stretch no woof no pull no slip panty girdle A new gimmick came out on the market recently an electronic Molecular Memory girdle Like the new shirts you see on the market that go back into their original shape every time they are washed

I was wearing one on a modeling job for a new girdle ad It was a tricky set up where I had to leap across a small water fountain in a graceful manner I was getting a spray job from the fountain each time I leaped across it in my new electronic girdle

Then it happened like wow The water caused a short circuit in my girdle and I let out a shriek you could hear from one end of Madison Avenue to the other I started leaping four directions at once I knew what it felt like to be sitting on the "hot seat" It was clinging to me and I couldn't get rid of it

I ran straight out into the middle of Madison Avenue with frantic ad men and the photographer following me, not knowing what to do even if they caught up with me

It was a terrible ten minutes with traffic stopping police men blowing their whistles at me but I couldn't help it I felt like I was being stabbed by a thousand pins In desperation I ran into an electronic television repair shop but the man refused to touch my girdle, said it wasn't in his line. The small electronic battery concealed inside the girdle was spitting sparks as I ran into a telephone booth and tore the girdle off

The ad men found me and covered me with a topcoat All my modeling jobs these last few weeks have been stand up fashion jobs My molecular memory still pains me whenever I sit down

Gladys Saxe

GIRL WATCHING AROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

I had to keep my eyes up to see where I was going."

That brings to my mind an experience I had in Alaska, Lord Waffleton said, rolling his way into the conversation, "I had a bit of a romance going with an Eskimo girl. They seldom take baths in that heavily cold weather they have up there. So when they go on dates they perfume themselves by rubbing whale grease all over their bodies. Her name was Ooga and when we went on dates I had to bring a fly swatter just so I could locate her lips long enough to kiss her."

Lord Blueberry gave Lord Waffleton a withering look. Clearing his throat he continued:

"It wasn't a large fire. But all the guests had to wait out on the hotel lawn near the swimming pool while the firemen did their duty. I was carrying on a conversation with Lady Effingham who was stopping at the same hotel. She was hurried in a bathrobe. Suddenly she slapped both hands over her eyes and shrieked, 'Great scott, Lord Blueberry—your *pajama bottoms!*' I looked and she was right! I had forgotten them!"

"Knotty situation, wot?" Lord Boomingbout laughed.

"Push on, old bear!" Lord Waffleton encouraged. "You offered your apologies to Lady Effingham, of course."

"I did nothing of the sort," Lord Blueberry snorted. "I dove into the swimming pool and stayed there until the fire was over and the hotel lights went out. I was wet and shivering cold when I sneaked through the hotel lobby and back to my room.

"I was taking a hot shower when my eyes happened upon an alarming sight. Stretched over the side of the bathtub were seven pair of freshly laundered silk panties. Each had an inscription sewed in fancy scroll letering, 'Monday,' 'Tom's Day,' 'Wednesday,' 'Bert's Day,' 'Friday,' 'Fred's Day,' 'Rest day.' By jove, I was beside myself! I suddenly realized I was in the wrong room. I wrapped a towel about me and hurried out of the bathroom. I heard the clerk of a switch and the hotel room was flooded with light. A large healthy chested blonde was sitting up in bed grinning at me. 'Hallo Bertie Boy!' she greeted me exuberantly. I pushed out of the room in panic. She begged me to stay and read to her. 'Duecedly tapping ol you ol' girl!' I said hastily. 'But I'm not Bertie. This happens to be *Thursday!*' I had ozzed out of her room and into my own before she had time to answer me."

"Ghastly, what?"

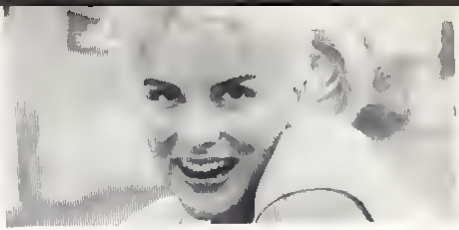
"That reminds me of the time I was staying at a Singapore hotel!" Lord Waffleton said, realizing he had a clear track. "I left my shoes in the hallway to have them picked up by the porter and shined. The next morning when I opened the door and reached down for the freshly shined shoes they started walking towards me into the room. An appalling geisha girl wearing a beautiful silk ceremonial robe was walking to them. There obviously had been some beastly mistake but I couldn't seem to make her understand. The geisha girl kept walking directly towards me flapping her robe open to display her unblemished oriental beauty."

"Wretched situation ol' boy!"

"Decidedly! I backed myself up to the phone and put in a Iranian call to the hotel clerk. By then the geisha girl had calmly removed my trousers. I was helpless. I pleaded with her. She grinned at me as she neatly folded my trousers and walked out of the room. 'I am dry cleaning girl also in hotel,' the geisha girl said in plain English. 'Trousers cleaned pressed and delivered same time tomorrow.' With that she reached down and removed my newly shined shoes and tossed them at my feet. 'Also hotel shoe shine girl. You like?'"

And with that, Lord Boomingbout made a motion that they adjourn the fortnight meeting of World Wide Women Appreciation Club.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN JUNE WILKINSON WALKS DOWN THE STREET WITH A FRIEND? GIRL WATCHER found the answer to this question when they sent photographer Duane Tasker down to Sunset Boulevard with his Rolleiflex loaded with Ektachrome and his spirits loaded with June. Within 37 minutes 9 people walked up, asked for her autograph, 4 wanted her telephone number, traffic stopped, tourists gawked and a newsreel company set up their equipment and started photographing GIRL WATCHER'S photographer photographing June and Bonnie Logan for this issue's cover.



THE ANSWERS TO ALL YOUR

Girl Watching PROBLEMS

BY

JUNE WILKINSON

The Girl Watcher has searched high and wide to find an expert to answer your Girl Watching questions and fem me-problems in general Though only 18 years old Miss Wilkinson is highly qual ified to serve as an expert in this field for she has won many accolades in France, Belgium and her native Eng land as a particularly enjoyable spect men for all Girl Watchers to Watch

Dear June:

I met a boy in the pickle factory where I work. I love him but I can't get the message over to him He just looks at me all day long with the strangest look I go out to lunch and I turn around and there he is looking at me again How can I get him to speak to me instead of just looking at me? LOOKED AT

Dear Looked At

You haven't been a reader of this magazine very long or you'd recognize the boy you speak of as a genuine Girl Watcher Give him time Pretty soon he will get to your face and realize that you have been smiling at him all this time JUNE

Dear June:

As an advanced *Girl Watcher* I was struck by your photographs You are in deed a well-stacked species of what *Girl Watchers* like most to watch Is there a chance of establishing my watching post near your house so that I can carry on my advanced *Girl Watching* research? BOGGLE EYES

Dear Boggle Eyes

I'd be thrilled to be the subject of your Girl Watching research I must warn you however that my father is an Olympic Team boxing champ, My brother plays fullback on the Rams profes sional football team and neither of them has a sense of humor My bikini days are Tuesday and Saturday afternoons in my back yard You're on your own. Happy Girl Watching! JUNE

Dear June:

I'm an ardent *Girl Watcher* and I bought my girlfriend one of those French negligees you can see right through, for her birthday But she's modest and re fuses to wear it when I'm around Is she unfair to organized *Girl Watchers?* GYPPED

Dear Gypped

You're rushing things You obviously are too young for the advanced stage of Girl Watching For the time being you'd better limit your Girl Watching to Es quire calendars You'll be ready for the advanced course when you go on your honeymoon If your bride is still timid tell her to forget about the negligee Who needs one? JUNE

Dear June:

I have an expensive pair of binoculars I bought when I belonged to a bird watcher's club Now I find it comes in handy for *Girl Watching* The other night I was minding everybody's busi ness, sitting atop our roof scanning the neighborhood for pretty girls What did I see but my own girlfriend, Doris sit ting in a hot rod necking with some guy What shall I do? GIRL WATCHER

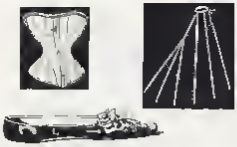
Dear Girl Watcher

Sell the binoculars before it is too late Use the money to live it up a little with your girlfriend One girlfriend in the hand is worth much more than two you are watching in the bush JUNE

Send your problems to June Wilkin son, Box 215 Malibu California Girl Watcher will publish the most interest ing ones

Letters to Girl Watcher

Many Thousands Hail the New Journal for the Pretty Girl Connoisseur



HOUR-GLASS FIGURES

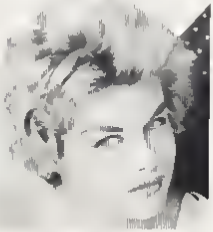
Dear Girl Watcher, I AM GENUINELY intrigued by the amazing popularity of some plump and fat girls. I have never been partiularly keen on fat women but when you come to think of it, the slim girls of the type one sees nowadays have little or no bust and rear curves to give them a figure, have they?

Years ago, I remember reading an old magazine called "Vanity Fair" printed in 1906. The illustrations were really lovely with ladies with tiny waists and fine big proud busts and shapely curves at the rear. Women nowadays look too much alike. ARMOND BROCKHURST
Staten Island, N. Y.

Too many men are overlooking the delightful gay Lillian Russell type

GIRL HAS TOUCHY PROBLEM

Dear Girl Watcher, WILL ONE OF YOUR *Girl Watchers* tell me what to do. I need help. I like to be *Girl Watched*, in fact my job at Bakbards' Roadside Tavern requires that I wear a low cut, revealing blouse. I'm the dice gal. I have one regular male customer, a *Girl Watcher* if I've ever been watched by one, who purposely bounces the dice so they lose themselves in my blouse. The other night he put an ice cube in his dice shaker. What can a working gal like myself do? I can't wear turtle neck sweaters because I'd lose my job.
JEANY DARBY, *Las Vegas, Nevada*



BLACK STOCKINGS OFF-BEATNIK

Dear Girl Watcher. MY WARDENS WHO live in a small hick town in Iowa would not know me now. I dig this new off beatnik jazz. I wear long black stockings, green make-up and pale rose lipstick. I'm just crazy for this *Girl Watching* fadlee. I rent a pad here in Greenwich Village and spend most of my spare time arguing philosophy with other egg heads like myself. But now I'm all shook up inside. I've just fallen for an Ivy League type and he won't look.
CORA SIMON *Dubuque Iowa*

GIMME SOME MONEY HONEY

Dear Girl Watcher. I WOULD LIKE TO hear from some cool *Girl Watcher* who would be interested in exchanging photos. I am five feet nine inches tall, weigh one twenty-five and I would like to be a model so I could be *Girl Watched* and paid for it at the same time.
VIRGINIA NORMAN, *Jersey City, N. J.*

I WANNA BE WATCHED—BUT!

Dear Girl Watcher, WISH I COULD BE *Girl Watched* by a real cool *Girl Watcher*. Would like someone over 21. All he needs besides that is a lot of loot. I have expensive tastes. I'm 20 years old, 5 9", Deep green eyes and light brown wavy hair. I look real devastating in diamond bracelets and earrings.
JULIE PASCAL, *New Orleans, La.*

MEN COME GET ME

Dear Girl Watcher. I LIVE IN A SHACK in the Black Hills of North Carolina and I've never been to no big city. We get your money's worth outen magazeens and newspapers. We plaster them up on our walls. Your magazine is helping to keep our outhouse warm. I know everything in your magazine by heart. Pop can't afford to buy me shoes and I wear a pair of old denims with the seat all wore out. I would like to be one of them there half naked city girls who wear mink under shirts and ride around in Cadillacs. I wish some *Girl Watching* millionaire would rescue me.
CORA MCCOY, *Ashville, N. C.*

Girl-of-the-Month Discovery

The Farmer's Daughter

As public relations director for the LaFlame Bathing Suit company there are times when even *Girl Watching* gal's slightly monotonous. I had just finished a cross country sales tour at leading cities, in charge of a dozen of the loveliest bathing-suited models money can find or hire. Some *Girl Watchers* might consider this the living end as far as jobs were concerned. But before we were half way across the country my models were fighting each other like wildcats. When the sales trip was over I decided I wanted to get as far away from watching girls as I possibly could.

Old J. B. the President of LaFlame Company had the answer. He handed me the keys to his summer estate in North Carolina and told me to go shoot some pheasants for a week or two until my nerves calmed down.

And what a place to shoot pheasant! Acres of hunting ground to the right and left of me and not a single girl that needed watching to disturb me. This was living, man!

Before I had moved 10 yards down the field a ring-necked pheasant exploded under my feet and made off straight ahead of me. I raised my gun and took careful aim. A crazy thing happened. Sweat trickled down my forehead. A long limbed bare-footed farm girl suddenly popped out of the brush.

I flushed another pheasant. It angled off through the trees and I took a quick shot. The pheasant crumpled. I walked over to the spot where I saw it fall and something crazy happened again. A young girl's hand reached out of the tall grass holding the dead pheasant.

I took the pheasant and with my other hand pulled the farm girl out of the brush. Her name, I found out was Sarah Parkins. Six-feet two-inches of disturbing charms and her life ambition of all things was to become a bathing suit model.

I smelled a female-cooked plot and Sarah readily admitted that she knew who I was and was bound and determined to attract my attention this afternoon even if she was shot in the attempt.

And the funny part of it was that she really did attract my attention to the point where I parked my gun against a tree and decided to do my shooting with the camera I always carried with me.

The photos you see on the following pages are a result of the afternoon sport.

In taking the photos I was so taken by Sarah's natural farm grown charms that I completely forgot to pick up the game I had shot and even the expensive 12 gauge shot gun I had borrowed from old J. B.

And to say that I was *taken* by farm girl Sarah, is putting it mildly. She's one of my new bathing suit models for the coming year's sales tour. And can you blame me?

At first I thought I had discovered an intriguing homicide

She was tall, lynx-like in her movements

Every place I turned I found the Farmer's Daughter

She was clever, witty and a true natural beauty

Another Tempting, Tantalizing Story about the

STRAWBERRY BIRTHMARK

By Philip Cyrus Conon

She was unaware of the question uppermost in minds of 300 men

THERE WASN'T A LIVE WOMAN within 1,200 miles of the island of Canton and this fact was turned into a handsome bonanza for Barney Aiken who was fond of saying, "I've made more dough out of dames than Lucky Luciano."

He was a perfect example of the Horatio Alger story come to life, a self made tycoon who had started out with some pretty sleazy material. He had arrived on Canton with nothing but an idea and pictures of three naked naughty ladies. Now he was the curator of a collection of more than 1,000 specimens, all different.

Barney's method of adding to his stock—like the secrets of most great men—was pure simplicity. He met every plane which came to Canton for fuel and food and shook down the crewmen for any risque pictures they might have in their wallets.

The average stop over was an hour and this gave him plenty of time to copy the borrowed pictures and return them. In exchange for the copy privilege he gave each man two copies of pictures from his files along with the original which he had borrowed.

This enabled him to get hold of not only pictures of hundreds of naked women whose main and simple virtue was that they were female and couldn't deny it, but pictures real or faked, of some Hollywood stars, some of which subsequently became famous. The pictures I mean.

I can best demonstrate what kept Barney's market brisk by sketching in the story of Capt. Alexander Graham Bell, our weather officer.

He arrived at Canton just after dusk one day and walked into the operations office with his flight bag to report. He found the men on duty huddled over their picture albums.

One sergeant sighed, took his eyes from a pair of nameless mountains and walked to the counter to see what the new captain wanted.

Captain Bell was much impressed with the studious group. All the albums were jacketed in covers which had been designed to hold Army Air Force Rules and Regulations and he was deceived into thinking he had blundered into the most spit and polish outfit in the service.

He was instantly disillusioned when a corporal came across a couple of features in his album which he had overlooked before and began a series of vocal expressions of extreme approval.

This led the captain to a personal examination of the regulation which had caused the merriment. Then he looked rapidly at the other albums. His face grew red and he stalked out of the room.

His first official act on the island was to go to the colonel in charge of the island to protest the habits of the enlisted men. He got nowhere.

The colonel said politely, but firmly, that he considered the circulation of the albums as nothing more than a harmless diversion. The men certainly needed something to occupy their minds. After all, there was no USO on the island. "The men get stiff in the joints when they spend all their time playing poker, you know." The captain retired from the field.

He never did know that the sounds he had heard in the colonel's office before he had been admitted were caused by the opening and closing of the drawer into which the colonel had placed his own album before the interview.

Captain Bell fought against the albums as best he could without support from above for a few weeks, then he relaxed and became mere tolerant. He simply requested the men to look at them on their own time so that the work of the weather station could move forward without having huge banks of nimbostratocumulus clouds coming from nowhere to obscure the latest synoptic map.

Then came a transitional period when the captain found himself borrowing albums during the long hours of the midnight shift—just so that he could see what they were really like.

Eventually, of course, human nature and the tropics combined, the captain found himself $75 poorer. He rationalized—at least for our benefit—that it was part of his duty to keep abreast of the interests of his men.

His feet would be comfortably propped on the desk so that his knees could support the heavy album as he turned the pages in a paradox of interested boredom. It became increasingly harder to reconcile him with Harvard '39 and IBM '41.

The first talking we had of the island's growing importance in the scheme of things came when Barney discovered it was no longer necessary to select pictures from air crews as they climbed out of their planes. The crewmen would be fumbling with their wallets as they landed.

I asked Barney one day what he wanted to do after the war was over I rather expected him to outline some lurid slightly illegal venture connected with sex and money but he surprised me "I want to set up a little studio in some jerky little town, maybe the one where I was born, and take pictures of kids and their mothers And brides. Stuff like that"

"On bearskin rugs?" I said with a leer

Barney looked at me as if I were a piece of dirt on top of a chocolate cream pie "In the sort of town I mean, people keep

(Continued on Page 44)

She looked at him in a puzzled manner for a moment, then she gave way to the modern equivalent of the old-fashioned blush—she swore like a longshoreman with a crate on his foot.

THE STRAWBERRY BIRTHMARK

(*Continued from Page 43*)

their thoughts clean and their clothes on," he said

Barney continued to look at me in scorn as he dipped a famous Hollywood actress, nude of course, into a bath of developer, although to my untrained eye she seemed developed quite enough

This study of this actress, the same one who eventually came face to face with Captain Bell, became quite famous in many quarters and is still the subject of debates at the YMCA and the Yale Club as to whether the picture was a clever fake or a faithful reproduction of talents the actress had never chosen to display before

Barney was already up to his navel in hypo on the sheer merits of the art itself when it was announced that the actress herself was coming to Canton as part of a package show of stars

It was like a new oil strike in Texas Everyone wanted a copy of that picture and they wanted it right away The price of the print jumped to $10

By the time the actress arrived, everyone had a copy of the picture and all eyes mentally undressed her as she stepped from the plane But she was unaware, as she shook out her golden hair with a breathtaking motion which made her shoulders quiver deliciously, of the question that was uppermost in all our minds

There were perhaps 300 soldiers and officers on Canton at that time and when the star arrived all of them found it necessary to be near the operations building to watch her arrival on the plane. Everyone stood in an attitude of complete awe

The line backed away slightly as the actress emerged into the brilliant sunshine You must remember that no man on the island had seen a woman—any woman—for at least six months, and here was one of the most beautiful women in the world advancing toward us in white sharkskin slacks and a tight fitting golden blouse

"Hello, all you gorgeous men," she breathed

There was a strangled gasp from a man in the front row Then silence

She walked past us into the operations building and a sigh like the wind from a burning city swept after her

The wind grew into a hurricane as the men speculated loudly—but out of her earshot—about whether the picture they all carried was authentic or had been patched together Mental calipers were called into play Engineering officers used mental transits. The cartographers attempted to reconstruct the topography from memory Stress and balance men worked with their charts Our assorted plotters and planners thought of various—and highly impractical—methods of settling the question

None of us would have thought of the truly direct approach Captain Bell, once the proper Bostonian, blundered into

It happened that the captain was chosen to be one of the group of officers to dine with the actress He immediately went into a sweat of nervous anticipation

"I haven't talked to a woman in so long—My God, it's been eight months—I'm sure to get myself into trouble," he said gloomily

"How I'd like to get into trouble with her," one of his unfeeling enlisted men said

"Just get the conversation rolling by asking her if she really posed for that picture," another said

"What picture?" Captain Bell asked innocently, betraying himself with the hand which slid over his breast pocket.

That elegant nude study must have preyed on the captain's mind We got all the dinner details later, not from the captain but from the enlisted man who was fortunate enough to have served as the officer's mess waiter assigned to her table

After several grapples for unlikely objects lying on the oozy bottom of his mind the captain came up with a rare pearl

The lady had never been to Boston, the captain had never been to Hollywood Worse, he couldn't have been described as a movie fan of even average knowledge "But we do have something in common," he blurted out at last, in the middle of an awkward silence, "we both have strawberry birthmarks"

She looked at him in a puzzled manner for a moment, then she gave way to the modern equivalent of the old fashioned blush—she swore like a longshoreman with a crate on his foot.

"So that damned photograph has found its way over here," she said when she had calmed down at bit "I suppose you have a copy?"

Unwittingly the captain had come close to settling the uncertainty about the authenticity of the photograph If he had only pressed his advantage our suspense might have ended right there between the carrot strips and radishes and the chili con carne But Captain Bell fumbled the ball He began to eat bean soup as if it possessed some magical qualities he had never discovered before

The actress continued to give him the auger eye until she realized she was the object of a faux pas rather than a pass.

Her eyes began to twinkle like they usually do in reel three when she decides it's drizzling so hard she'd better spend the night on the sofa in the bachelor's apartment and he brings her the pajamas which are three sizes too large

"Yes, I do have a strawberry birthmark," she said with a malicious grin, and our spy reported he could hear the captain's heart ringing the changes so that one right through the bean soup "But so have a great many other girls," she added

Then she whispered something into his ear which no one else heard.

Captain Bell never opened his mouth about the picture after that dinner But he did keep that mouth in a peculiar smirk for several days after the historic event.

To show you the way bunch players bet Barney was able to raise the price of that particular picture up to $15 without a squawk from a single customer

A NOTE TO COLLEGE MEN

YOUR EDITORS are working on an article on the Girl Watching aspects of college life. If you are a college Girl Watcher, write us about the latest activities in your hallwick. GIRL WATCHER, P. O. Box 215, Malibu, California.

#22. Jill St. John

You can start out watching Jill, but before you know it, you find yourself drawn into whatever it is she's promoting. Makes you feel like an old friend right off. Always great for watching, but has a way of watching right back. Expresses herself so exuberantly, you may find yourself drawn to qualities you hadn't intended giving so much of your attention.

A Note to Pretty Girls

ARE YOU an undiscovered beauty, waiting to be discovered? Would you like to see a story about yourself in our magazine? Write your name and address on the back of any photograph or photographs of yourself you want to submit and send them to us. No valuable pictures, please. They *cannot* be returned. GIRL WATCHER, P. O. Box 215, Malibu, California.

#23. Christine Carere

FRENCH, OF COURSE, and doe-eyed and young and such a continental confection. Has the kind of gossamer hair you can feel with your eyes. Figures to be a dark horse in any Love Goddess sweepstakes if for no other reason than that her youthfulness reaches out to you. Darling of the younger set, Christine has all the qualities that make the fading ones gnash their calcium-starved gums.

The Peegee Girls

Who is this bright eyed vixen who turns up everywhere? ...even in the bottom of a battle grey casket!

WE HAVE ALREADY been exposed to the hard and soft "sell" but now prepare yourselves for the "soft sex sell." It's real sneaky and it's already in operation. It's being used to smooth the whirring cogwheels of the nation's business.

In New York alone there is a growing army of young pretty innocent eyed lifters, the type of naive girl you would expect to or hope to meet next door and fall in love with.

They are known to the trade as *peegees* or *personality girls*. Unlike the brazen brood of bikini, long net silk stockings and high heeled slippers, flame throwers that pop out of Elk Club Stag gigs or pose as Miss Steamfitter's Convention Queens, a *peegee* works underground creating the illusion that she had just missed her bus and stopped inside to keep out of the rain.

For an average of $40 a day take home pay she mingles with atomic scientists at electronics expositions, or with junk dealers in waterfront warehouses. Her mission being to disarm the buyer and lower his resistance with rays of friendly flirtation rather than stone him cold with searing sex appeal.

At Manhattan's new Coliseum I watched a *peegee* go into action. I had been tipped off that she would be there and I saw her when she came in. She was wearing a pony tail hair do, simple blouse, and the naive, dumb expression of a teen age camera bug.

Dangling a stereo camera carelessly by its strap she didn't move along the exhibits like the others in the crowd but drifted conspicuously out into the center of the floor and began taking pictures—or tried to—in a dreamy amateurish way.

Now if there is any better man bait than a pretty girl with a dog it is a pretty girl with a camera—especially in a room full of camera nuts.

The *peegee* was swarmed over in a matter of minutes by male camera bugs all eager and willing helpers.

"What are you shooting at, doll?" an expert asked.

"At about 10 feet," Cindy cooed. "You," said one handsome male, "are holding that thing upside down."

Eager for help the girl would permit the admirer to right

the camera for her and in so doing note its finer points. Similar encounters throughout the afternoon made Cindy's search the most adorned piece of equipment at the exhibition.

In the next few weeks I saw the same *peegee* girl and her fellow conspirators show a dazzling versatility at the annual convention of the Fresh Fruit Handlers' Union, the Peach Pitters' Picnic, and I watched them with unconcealed admiration as they sewed up a Boosters Club luncheon by joining in the singing of "Pepper Picking Time Down In Ol' Peoria!"

At no time did the *peegee* girls give the impression they were hired charmers. Instead every effort was made to pretend that they were second cousins or visiting daughters of the good members of the tribe.

And it works like wow. Their main function, of course, is to see that an ordinarily dull meeting gets "off the ground" and into orbit with the windup being that everyone loves everyone else, especially the company product, if there happens to be one.

A few months ago, Cindy Jones, a pretty young girl who wears her salary as fast as she makes it and probably hasn't a dime left over, was a weighty factor in helping the U. S. Navy shove 9,000 tons of war surplus equipment worth $6,000,000—most of it brine rusted iron—right out of its warehouses.

Faced with the usual pile of ship anchors, rotting rubber rafts, and government issue caskets, the canny officer in charge of the Navy Depot at Bayonne, New Jersey called in Cindy and her colleagues. He concluded there was no sex appeal in obsolete typewriters, time rotted tanks, ship anchors, old tarpaulins, or rust eaten scows. He called for one thing that could help move this ugly pile of rubble—pretty girls—the school girl, Wholesome Wilma, type.

Cindy recalls that newspaper photographers had them posing in a lot of funny old boots and jackets. This resulted in a lot of publicity for the auction. One photographer with a little imagination asked Cindy to stretch out in a battle grey rocket *to put some life in the old box*—which she did.

The same *peegees* were used later as foils at the auction sale. When a numbered signal paddle went up, a *peegee* caught the eye of the buyer and kept him entranced while another ran back to charm the deposit money into her hands.

"One flirtations were used to reach both the bids and the deposits," Cindy recalls. "It seems that most men are intimidated by the presence of a pretty girl."

The wizened millionaire junk dealers—many with $25,000 to $100,000 in their kicks—were apparently unaware they were dealing with charm agents hired to influence them.

Personality girls are like union musicians. They don't care whose hall they play in as long as the price is right. I have watched them smile for the Republicans one week and for the Democrats the next. I have seen them planted at cocktail parties by both sides.

At these functions she serves as a high scholish and wholesome Mata Hari. Her confidants at the parties may still wonder whom the sweet little girl came from, where she went, and how all that campaign information leaked out.

Wherever the hucksters, lobbyists and the public relations reports are vying for your attention, your support, or your money, you'll find a pretty *Peegee* sugar coating the pills. And so far no one has ever complained—at least among the rank folk.

The Girls Were Used as Foils at the Auction

PHOTOGRAPHING THE KITTEN TYPE

(*Continued from Page 9*)

I said, reaching for my camera. "Just keep brooding into the Coke." Her giggling broke the serious mood I had hoped to catch. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard," she said—"brooding into a Coke." And as she said it, she seemed to be a little girl admonishing a blundering grownup. I took a lot of fine pictures of her that day. Maybe they weren't brooding, but they were nice and natural, all about this lovely young thing who wanted to be an actress the worst way, but was a kid at heart all the time.

I still wanted that serious picture. It took a little planning. The next time she came I would be prepared. I figured on doing a comparison with a rose. An arrangement which would display her charm but which would also convey something symbolic as she held the rose and gloomed into it. Every day for a week I bought a big American Beauty from the corner florist just in case. I had just about given up hope that she would ever show again, when there she was on Saturday, the only day I hadn't bought a rose. Then I remembered that I had put Friday's rose in the refrigerator, and I was in business again. I waited impatiently while she took off her street clothes. Carefully, I arranged her against a white backdrop and handed her the rose. "Brood," I said. At last I would get my serious picture.

Then I discovered that I had run out of film.

I rushed down one flight to LaVerne, the fashion photographer, and borrowed a pessel of 120's. When I came back upstairs the kitten had relaxed on the floor against that old wicker chair she seemed to favor and was leafing through a book of Peter Arno's cartoons. That girl had an absolute genius for relaxing into the loveliest positions. I began taking pictures of her even though she had put the rose aside, after chewing the stem to pieces. At first she smiled at the cartoons in her lap. Then she began giggling a bit. Pretty soon she was howling and before she had turned the last page was roaring with laughter. And all this time the rose was on the floor.

The girl's quality of naturalness was what I liked best about her. A photographer often runs into women with beautiful figures who are willing to have a go at modeling. But they are rarely relaxed. It takes them a long time to break down the barriers and tensions of the new situation and become themselves in the studio. As a figure model, Lili was as sylph like in the studio as a doe in the forest.

I remember the last time she dropped in. A gloomy autumn day had drizzled into evening. There was a knock on the door, and there she was on the threshold wrapped in an old raincoat and carrying a bag of sandwiches and a container of coffee. Even in this casual clothing she seemed relaxed and immediately right for picture taking. She sipped her coffee without removing her coat, and as she leaned against a chair, lost in thought, her rainy day melancholy made her a more interesting model.

This was the first time that I ever photographed for two consecutive hours without exchanging more than half a dozen words with a model.

That evening's work gave me some of the best pictures I, ever took. Then Lili said, "So long," and that was the last time I saw her.

The years come full circle, and here I am grinding out those 8x10's again for my peculiar mail order client. I've tried a few figure models since the kitten was last seen, but it hasn't been the same. They just don't become a kind of prop around the place and not one of them ever comes in with a book by Stanislavsky—or a Coke, or container of coffee for that matter. And what they don't know about relaxing would fill a book.

Once in a while I buy a rose from the corner florist. Excuse me, now. There's someone knocking at the door.

A GIRL WATCHER ESCAPES

(*Continued from Page 21*)

profitable ones . . . thank goodness.

For the next two years Horace Weebly became a fabulous character on the continent. His only visible means of support was *Girl Watching* and he made a fortune out of it.

As in the case of all people with sudden wealth and no visible means of support, Scotland Yard kept close tab on Horace Weebly but the worst or best they could pin on him was that he was a confirmed *Girl Watcher* who devoted his full time to watching girls in the same manner a Bird Watcher watches birds.

The Yard sent out a full detail of detectives to shadow Weebly only to have Horace in time turn them all into *Girl Watchers*.

In self protection Weebly studied detective books and dressed and acted like a detective to confuse regular detectives whose duty it was to trail him.

Horace mastered the role so convincingly and combining it with the activity of Girl Watching he soon found himself the grateful recipient of an ever flowing trickle of gold.

As in the case of the Duchess at the hotel cocktail room, Horace found that his most profitable post for *Girl Watching* was not at the big hotels but at certain smaller side street cocktail rooms where royalty and industrial big wheels played away a few hours of the afternoon.

Horace would merely station himself at a side table, order drinks and concentrate his *Girl Watching* on a single quarry, usually the most luxuriously plumaged and bejeweled girl, and usually middle aged. Detective fashion, Horace learned the trick of peering over his newspaper from time to time with steely searching eyes.

Some times weeks would go by without striking paydirt, but sooner or later and often sooner, Horace felt the soothing touch of folded money being pressed into his warm palm. Horace would grin to himself. This was even better than having a money tree. You didn't even have to pick it. Nice dignified people came up and *handed* it to you.

And what finally happened to Horace Q. Weebly? That's a long story. There is a report that says that Weebly bought an olive orchard in Naples and settled down. Another report contends that Horace Weebly had just concluded a world wide *Girl Watching* tour and is busy writing his memoirs.

But what actually happened to Horace Weebly shouldn't happen to anyone especially a fast loose globe trotting *Girl Watcher* like Horace.

After completing a world tour wherein he did careful closeup *Girl Watching* of almost every human female species known, Weebly organized a safari to hunt out a rare tribe of African pygmies with pointed heads. With this accomplished he could claim himself the World's Champion *Girl Watcher*.

After months of Jungle searching Weebly finally located the famous Mugo Moo tribe noted for their tiny heads.

Weebly devoted a full day to *Girl Watching* Chief Mugo's olive skinned daughter. He watched her as she arose in the early morning and left her grass hut to take her daily bath in a jungle pool. This indeed was *Girl Watcher* Weebly's most memorable moment. He had watched everything there was to watch in *Girl Watching*.

Just then the jungle became alive with tiny savages threatening Weebly with long sharp spears.

A small technicality that Horace Weebly did not bother to investigate before taking his jungle safari was the iron bound tribal law that any unmarried man who even so much as cast his eyes upon the chief's daughter while she is taking her royal bath would be required to take her as his bride.

Weebly is now the son in law of Chief Mugo Moo and is living unhappily in the African Jungles. His seven children all have pointed heads, not quite as sharp as their mothers.

Delightful Derriere

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about the beauty and grace of a pretty model's eyes, throat, limbs, etc., but the boys who sectionalize anatomical components for glamourization continually neglect one of the most charming and distinctive areas of femininity.

Briefly, they spend all their time around the top and forget about the bottom. It seems to be a question of "hands off" so to speak. It's a great and unforgivable oversight.

The rounded contour, the perfect symmetry of the lower back, offer plentiful opportunities for photographers with imagination and verve.

One photographer, a pioneer in this overlooked field, in an attempt to drum up interest in his specialty, held a contest and named a Miss Superior Posterior and produced a 64-page picture essay about his subject.

The same photographer also formed the Society for the Preservation and Care of Callipygians (Dictionaries sold in the outer lobby). Since a chubby backside is an obvious handicap in pictures of this sort, the boys insisted that the girls remain slim and trim. This led to their slogan—*"Do Not Feed the Callipygians."*

We're happy to relate that the group is catching on. In fact, an English counterpart has been formed. This organization calls itself the Faithful Admirers of the London Derriere.

But you don't have to be a dues paying member to join in the fun. You need a good eye, a few flashbulbs, a flair for the unusual and a model with the necessary requirements.

Remember, some of the prettiest things in the world go on right behind the model's back.

We are the opposite of Girl Watchers. We watch MEN!

MUSIC FOR GIRL WATCHING

Dear Girl Watcher, LONELY CHICK aged 19 living alone in New York apartment would like to meet *Girl Watcher* around same age I have a Hi Fi set and the latest album of music to watch girls by CAROL DELORME, *Greenwich Village*

LOVE GORGEOUS GUSSY

Dear Girl Watcher, WHY DON'T YOU do a 10-page picture essay on Gorgeous Gussy Moran I admire this girl immensely for she is a girl who enjoys being *Girl Watched* She makes a grand gesture of showing her lacy undies to her admirers RICK MIGUEL, *Toronto*

A young lady writes asking how other girls do it

TWO TYPISTS TELL ALL

Dear Girl Watcher WE ARE TWO typists who work together Pamela is 18 and I, Ethel, am 22

We're the direct opposite of *Girl Watchers* We happen to be girls who watch *Girl Watchers.* I suppose you'd call us boy watchers It's loads of fun and you meet a lot of new friends this way

You should see the startled expressions on truck driver's faces when we whistle at them through our fingers Whenever we come upon a new building being constructed I park my car and we climb up the scaffold so we can do some close-up he man watching

We've been caught in revolving doors with some of Madison Avenue's smoothest men in grey flannel suits but for real *man watching* give us the muscle men any day ETHEL COSAZZA, *Bronx, N Y*

I DON'T WANNA BE WATCHED

Dear Girl Watcher, I'M ONE GIRL who doesn't want to be watched It was raining the other afternoon and I was up in our attic trying on an old bustle my grandmother Irene used to wear It stuck and now I can't get it off and I'm too bashful to call a male plumber, to get me out of it

JUNE DORMER, *Burlington Vermont*

GIRL LIKES PANTY RAIDS

Dear Girl Watcher, I'M A FRESHMAN in college and I'm looking forward to "Panty Raids" but I hear from one of our Senior Girls that our Prexy will expel any student for keeps if he even so much as thinks about such goings on Oh dear I guess I was just born too young I'd like to hear from college age *Girl Watchers,* and I know there are scads of them

ANNE BOLTON, *Boston, Mass*

MY MAN'S A NUT— HE WON'T WATCH

Dear Girl Watcher, I'M GOING STEADY with a boy who would rather watch cars than girls He's a nut on custom and hot rod cars. I swear that if a carload of pretty girls in bikini bathing suits drove past all he would see is the type of car they were driving I'm a girl that *Girl Watchers* strain their necks to watch but what good does it do with a boyfriend like this?

GISELE KELLER, *Philadelphia, Pa*

TIGHT SKIRTS DEPT.

Dear Girl Watcher, YOU MAY NOT realize it but we girls probably spend more time trying to get ourselves watched than men spend watching us My favorite hobby is wearing tight skirts. I adore really supertight skirts, just knee length or a fraction below the knee or else real ankle length bubble skirts, and when I speak of tight skirts, I mean *tight* Wonder what tricks other girls have for trapping men Wish they would tell *Girl Watcher* so I would know

DAPHINE QUINN *Milwaukee*

The Girl Watcher and the Arabian Girl

A beautiful woman was brought out and placed on the horse.

RECENTLY WHILE I was in French Morocco I ended a business transaction with a desert tribesman Omar Calip with a three-day Arabian bingo including wine, women, dancing girls and native music not to mention nibbling on a whole cooked steer, Arabian style, tearing hunks of meat off with the bare truth.

I discovered that the Arabs are past masters at *Girl Watching*. That's why the married women must keep their faces covered with veils.

My jeep had developed mechanical trouble and I tried to get Omar to sell me one of his horses. I was his good American friend, he wouldn't think of taking money for a horse. He presented me with the best horse in his stables.

I mounted the horse and was about to take off when a beautiful young woman was brought out and placed on the horse. To keep from falling off she kept both of her arms wrapped tightly around me. Her name was Hafiz and I assumed that she merely wanted to hitch a ride to the nearest town.

When I reached my hotel at Casablanca I tipped my hat politely to her and said goodbye. I thought no more of her and checked into the hotel. As the porter took the bag to my room I thought I heard footsteps behind me. I was right. Hafiz was still behind with no intent one of leaving me. Then it all became horribly clear what had happened. Omar had presented me with a flesh and blood gift. One of his own wives to help entertain me on my trip home.

When we were alone in the room I thought I would frighten her away by getting undressed. She considered this a signal and started disrobing, also. Alarmed, I hurriedly got dressed again and ran out of the room. I phoned Omar and told him to come get the girl. He said he'd send some one for her. The following day two Arabians appeared at my hotel. They apologized profusely on behalf of their master. Omar was humbly sorry that his "gift" did not appeal to me. He was making amends by taking back the first wife and presenting me with *two* wives in her place. No sooner had the two arabs left with Hafiz when I found myself in the middle of a two-way knife throwing argument between my new wives. They were wasting no time getting down to who was going to be my number one wife in the new family organization. There was a knock on the hotel door and I know I shouldn't have answered it. It was Hafiz. She had shaken off the two Arabs and had decided to be my third wife.

While my three newly acquired gift wives were slugging it out I slid down an outdoor drainpipe with my bag and made for the nearest steamship ticket office. I'm not doing business with Omar anymore. It's not that I don't want his money. It's just that I can't keep up with him on a social basis. A man has to rest sometime.

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A GIRL WATCHER DISCOVERS

The Farmer's Daughter

LOVE GODDESS

ELAINE STEWART

Girl Watcher's Almanac

The Girl Watcher's Almanac

Intriguing Helpful Hints to aid you in your Daily Girl Watcher Activities

THERE ARE 18 000 000 *Girl Watchers* according to a recent world wide poll The red head *Girl Watchers* number 6, 900 057 strong with blonde *Girl Watchers* numbering 5,976 000 The remainder of the *Girl Watchers* are divided among black, brown, purple, grey blue, and green haired girls

A new calendar for 1959 has just been printed for the special use of *Girl Watchers* It lists all the windy days and the real hot ones that bring out the bikinis and cause girdles to be abandoned

A Condensed Summary of Girl Watching Laws

In a number of states, the season is said to be "open" whenever the weather says open or shed overcoats and other protective coloration habiliments

Certain warmer climates such as those evident most of the year in California Arizona, Texas and Florida afford open seasons for all but a possible two or three months when most *Girl Watchers* find that most girls turn a peculiar blue which is worse than the above mentioned protective coloration habiliments

Some of our more discriminating watchers advise they will take a coat or shape-hugging mink to a covering of blue goose pimples any day

Residents of Montana are particularly reminded of an old and enforceable law still on the statutes which forbids a man loitering on a corner to permit his eyes to rest unduly long on a feminine bustle while same is in motion and/or while its wearer is embarking or debarking a carriage

A Handy Glossary of Girl Watching Gambits

The Office Pearl Diver or Cleavage Clovage Waits for the day when the office cutie wears the plunging blouse and then finds umpteen reasons to study her work (works) over her shoulder (over the shoulder and through the woods)

Friend of the Shoe Shine Stand Operator Oddly enough is only a friend when a career chick with legs is too busy to leave her booties and takes the hot seat to have her patent leathers or suedes spruced up

Ladder Man in The Secretarial Pool Shows up in coveralls, carrying a ladder Seems to be checking the fluorescent tubes but likes the bird's-eye view of the sea of busy femininity Nobody, including the boss, knows who sent him

Window Washer in The Girl's Dormitory A job up for grabs One washer was found to be the dean of men when a high wind dislodged a fake mustache Another washer won sympathy when he said he was a professor padding out his income but they couldn't abide his wall scaling in the middle of the night

Travel Hints

The Ponges Island in the South Pacific is over-populated with flawless seven foot blondes whose special characteristics are Jayne Mansfield type bosoms and tiny pointed heads Their call is a high pitched shrilling sound "Ohmonya! Ohmonya!"

Brigitte France A new town in southern France named after the current favorite comico amatory sex bomb Brigitte Bardot The village is jam packed with would-be Brigitte's each trying to outstrip the other Make your hotel reservations early The town is also filled with bachelor *Girl Watchers*

Girl Watcher's Fashions

A new ivy league cap with a special pouch for binoculars is now on the market

For the warmly dressed *Girl Watcher* in winter time there is a new special type winter underwear now on the market No stoop no squat, no squint, no sleep it keeps you awake and alert

Historical Girl Watchers:

1513 Balboa on world wide mermaid watching tour discovers the Pacific Ocean

1634 Sultan Bezoing of Arabia executes Girl Watcher Abo Cazolly for watching harem girls taking a bath

1732 First *Girl Watcher's* Club organized in Paris, France known as the Ou La! La! Club Meetings held at the Swizzle Stick Cafe, a sidewalk nip-ery located on the windiest street in town

1775 At Bunker Hill the watchword was "Wait for the whites of their eyes!" They were referring to young girls coming home from a wool spindle factory At that moment the British army came over the hill

1790 Under the excuse of flying a kite to make electricity Ben Franklin spent many a pleasant evening watching Kitty Applewaits doing her reducing exercises

Memorable Dates

Brigitte Bardot Kim Novak Ava Gardner

Scientific Developments

Eye blinders for servants in bachelor apartments are now on the market

Advice to the Lovelorn

Two can live as cheaply as seven Don't write Don't telegraph All incriminating love assertions should be traced out on snow banks or in the sand at bathing beaches

'tis much better to have watched a girl and lost, than to have won a girl you 'have' to watch

Rural Report

A record crop of traveling Girl Watchers jokes were harvested throughout the rural communities this year 867,453,960 were about traveling salesmen and the farmer's daughter 786,700,675 were about chickens crossing the road so they could listen to a roadhouse juke box.

Miscellaneous

There are 3.47 farmers' daughters for every traveling *girl watcher*. One shotgun for every farmer 178,777,354,003 beds to hide under in a hurry 45,765,777,766 bedroom windows to jump out of. 12,000,000 single women with matrimonial intentions 10,000,653 women who'll love you for your money only 11,888 women who are handy with the stiletto

The accomplished girl watcher can watch two girls at a time

ZODIAC CUES

March 21 to April 20 —*Aries the Ram*. You can enjoy some mild flirts gazing at this period of you don't go butting in places you might get your horns clipped. Pudgy blondes in favor now.

April 21 to May 21 —*Taurus the Bull*. Much to paw the ground about these days is favorable time for you. You lean to wind bowing moving, that one man's meat is another man's bison.

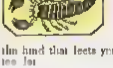
May 22 to June 21 —*Gemini the Twins*. Doubling up again you never dwell you. Lucky Gemini always in the middle. Business keep your double images in focus lest you wind up with crossed eyeballs.

June 22 to July 23—*Cancer the Crab*. You were expecting maybe Mamm Von Daren? Vibrations. indulged with mentions in upper class that which is made viewable to you lest the firmament lout your vision to the milky whey.

July 24 to August 23 —*Leo the Lion*. Growlmanship in good prospect things bring crowd all over. A lioness and tigress period. the lean and lockable. A good time to develop the night vision of the cat.

August 24 to September 23—*Virgo the Virgin*. Turn to make the initial plunge, and watch. What are you saying the first line for? Maybe to make AGWA announces and learn why the first hundreds letters are the brightest.

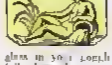
September 24 to October 23—*Libra the Balance*. Excellent program for George Gobel type peering from narrow window sills apartment house clothes lines, garbage can lids and scorchy house shower curtain rods.



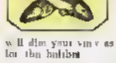
October 24 to November 22—*Scorpio the Cutpion*. Watch the watching in the third quarter of this period. Danger you may hide the hand that feeds you. Follow Virgo but not too far.

November 23 to December 21—*Sagittarius the Bowman*. Good shooting with this pouty breasted swallow in particularly good flash. But don't let your arrow fall short lest your target sagt.

December 22 to January 20 —*Capricornus the Goat*. Yours is this shiny to small out in good tall job but don't fall too closely lest you get your billy yanged. In your case though go on—let her get your goat.



January 21 to February 19 —*Aquarius the Waterman*. Continue to excel in your special self field—administering. Try magnifying glass in your goggles and let the mermaids fall where they may.



February 20 to March 20—*Pisces the Fishes*. Funny thing happened to me on the way to the modelling studio—but seriously no lands will dim your view as you watch the girls just let the halibut.

My Favorite Girl for Watching: by Roger Reed

THE KITTEN TYPE

A few Enchanting Revelations on Photographing a Kitten Type Blonde

It was late afternoon on the 33rd day—I remember that because I had been marking them off on the darkroom wall—when I heard the knock on the door. For more than a month I had been photographing lawn mowers, rubber boats, automobile tires, middle-aged matrons in foundation garments, mackinaws and bread boxes for a mail-order catalog—a total of 5,000 items to beguile the leisure hours of rural America. To make a grim chore grimmer my peculiar client insisted that everything he shot with an 8x10 organ grinder, which made the job at least ten times tougher, I was bushed. Just before the knock, I had been wondering whether this money in a hurry deal had been worth it, what the outside world looked like, and were there any ships leaving for South America that night.

The girl at the door was simply dressed in sweater and skirt. A pale green scarf was loosely knotted about her throat. Her short, jetty hair fell in natural waves. Even as she looked at me with wide-eyed directness, her warm lips, curving into a slight pout, transformed her from girl to woman.

Her name, she said, was Lili Clark. She was a model and wanted to know whether I could use her for some figure work. A photographer friend who does a lot of experimental work in this line suggested it. Would I care to look at her model book?

While I was looking through her portfolio she pushed aside the latest thing in mail order ironing boards and sat down on the latest thing in mail order beach chairs. She lit a cigarette, relaxing with natural, feline grace.

There were four poses in her book—a bra ad, fooling on the beach, a studio-type portrait and her bthe figure showing to advantage in a leggy pose. Like all model books, there was something wrong with this one. I looked at the pictures carefully, then glanced at the girl who had moved over from the price tagged merchandise onto a broken down chaise longue in a corner of the studio. Even in easy repose the girl was vibrant and alive while her sample photographs were lifeless. She looked like a stiff cardboard cutout from a penny arcade. I realized that they must have been taken by an over worked catalog photographer—*like myself*.

If she hadn't walked in, I thought, with that feeling of cold doom, I might have gone on photographing endless series of mouse traps, a robot bulb squeezer with nothing but popping flashbulbs in his head. In a way we were both victims of the same thing, creeping catalogitis, except that we were on opposite sides of the lens.

Even before I could ask her, she said, "I'm really an actress. That is, I'm studying to be one."

The moment she came into the studio, I had begun seeing her with the camera eye in a variety of figure compositions. She was a natural. Dancers are usually best at figure work. But like them theatrical people, even gifted beginners have a great appreciation for what can be expressed by the human body. They are constantly aware of the fact that their bodies can be woven into patterns of dramatic significance. To theatrical people the movement of the hands, a turned shoulder, an angle of the head, all have meaning. And most folks in the theatre, even those on its fringes, somehow assume that this meaning is understood by the photographer.

I will never forget the day she caught the hiccups

She was quiet, soulful, dreamy, and had a mad passion for poetry

Before I knew it sunny South America had blossomed on East 49th Street. I had my lightweight Rolleiflex in hand and was shooting this pretty kitten as she prowled around the place. If I could only catch that 16 year old look in her 21 year old body. After that, Lili would drop in at odd unexpected times. Sometimes I would open the door in the early morning hours to find her yawning after an all night rehearsal with some little theatre group. Taking off her shoes she would curl up on the couch. I really never knew beforehand just what kind of pictures would happen when she showed up. But every time she came to the studio something about her suggested the pattern for the day's picture-taking.

One of the first times, for instance. There she was, with a new donkey tail hairdo, a carton of Cokes, and a book by Stanislavsky on the theater. She swished into my old wicker chair. I decapped two cokes, and when she took hers she looked into the bottle as if it were a crystal ball. "That's fine."

(*Continued on Page 48*)